



SONG BOOK

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Songs for Tom-Dick-

Bob and Peggy

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SONGS

FOR

TOM · DICK · BOB · & · PEGGY



MUSIC BY
BENJAMIN WHELPLEY

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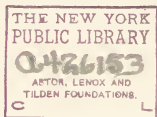
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THE BOSTON MUSIC COMPANY
G. SCHIRMER, (INC.,) BOSTON

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MAOV W. 34
CLB09
MAOV W. 34

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SONGS
FOR
TOM, DICK, BOB & PEGGY



WHEN PEGGY RINGS THE BELL.

O TOM and Dick and Bob and I
 Have made a splendid tune!
 We march around in our back yard
 Each pleasant afternoon,
 And sing it as we march along,
 As loud as we can sing,
 While little Peggy rings the bell
 As loud as she can ring.
 With horns and drums we four big boys
 Can make a most tremendous noise;
 And Peggy likes to help along,
 So while we march and sing our song,
 We let her ring the bell.

I guess the neighbors all around
 Are feeling pretty proud
 To have musicians living near,
 And playing good and loud.
 Sometimes they come to see us march,
 And then they always say,
 "What splendid soldiers they will make!"
 How well they sing and play!"
 We blow the horns and beat the drum,
 With rat-tat-tat and tootle-tum,
 And Peggy likes to help along,
 So while we march and sing our song,
 We let her ring the bell.

CON SPIRITO MF

1. O, Tom and Dick and Bob and I have made a splendid
guess the neighbors all a-round are feel-ing pret-ty

MF

tune! We march a-round in our back yard each pleas-ant af-ter-
proud To have mu-si-cians liv-ing near, and play-ing good and

noon, And sing it as we march a - long, as loud as we can
loud. Some-times they come to see us march, and then they al - ways

sing, . . While lit - tle Peg - gy rings the bell as loud as she can
say, . "Whatsplen-did sol - diers they will make! How well they sing and

ring. With horns and drums we four big boys can make a most tre-
play!" We blow the horns and beat the drum, with rat-tat - tat and

men-dous noise; And Peg-gy likes to help a - long, So while we march and
toot - le-t u m, And Peg-gy likes to help a - long, So while we march and

1
sing our song, We let her ring the bell. . . . 2. I
sing our song, We let her ring the bell. . . .

PED. * PED.

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THE SHADOW

MY shadow stays with me all day,
And then at dusk he steals away,
And I suppose he goes to play
With Someone down in China.

For while I am asleep at night,
Down there the sun is shining bright;
Perhaps he's dancing in the light,
My shadow down in China.

I wonder which he likes the best,
His playmate in the East or West, —
Me, when I'm in my Sunday best,
Or Someone down in China.



ALLEGRETTO

1. My shad - ow stays with
while I am a -
won - der which he

MF P

LEGGIERO

RIT. A TEMPO

me all day, And then at dusk he steals a - way, And
sleep at night, Down there the sun is shin - ing bright; Per -
likes the best, His play - mate in the East or West,—Me,

RIT. A TEMPO

CRES.

I sup - pose he goes to play With
haps he's danc - ing in the light, My
when I'm in my Sun - day best, Or

CRES.

1 AND 2 P 3

Some-one down in Chi - na. 2. For
shad - ow down in Chi - na. 3. I
Some-one down in Chi - na.

P



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CLOUDS

O BEST of all I like to lie
 Flat on my back and see the sky,
 And watch the clouds go sailing by;
 Grown folks can't stop them more than I.

Sometimes they race, sometimes they're slow,
 Often they big and bigger grow,
 But just exactly where they go,
 No more than I the grown folks know.

UN POCO MODERATO

MF

O, best of all I like to lie Flat on my back and

MF *MF*

PED. *

see the sky, And watch the clouds go sail - ing by ; Grown folks can't stop them

more than I. Some - times they race, sometimes they're slow, Of - ten they big and

bigger grow, But just ex - act - ly where they go, No more than I the grown folks know.

THE BUBBLE

I MADE a very lovely thing,
 And no one helped me do it;
 At first I let it gently swing,
 Then big and bigger blew it.
 It had all colors, green and blue
 And gold and purple in it;
 I loved it, though of course I knew
 'T would hardly last a minute.



CON MOTO P

I made a ve - ry love - ly thing, And no one helped me

P LEGGIERO

MF P

do it; At first I let it gen - tly swing, Then big and big - ger blew it. It

MF

had all col - ors, green and blue And gold and pur - ple in it; I

loved it, tho' of course I knew 'T would hardly last a min - ute.

P RIT.

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KNIGHT OF THE HOBBY HORSE

HE rode away with flashing eyes,
 To fight in a distant land;
 His charger was a coal-black steed;
 His sword was in his hand.
 "I may be gone a hundred years,"
 Said he, "and so farewell!
 The papers I shall send to you
 My valiant deeds will tell."

His mother waved a last goodbye,
 And sped him on his way.
 "When you come back to me," she cried,
 "'T will be a happy day!"

He rode across the nursery
 And through the garret dim,
 Then paused to view the country round,
 Beyond the window's rim.
 The day was warm, he'd journeyed far,
 Said he, "I'll rest awhile,
 And then again my steed and I
 Will ride full many a mile."

They found him there as night came on;
 His flashing eyes were closed;
 With arms around his charger's neck
 The little knight reposed.

ALLEGRO MARZIALE MF

1. He rode a-way with flash-ing eyes, To
 rode a-cross the nurs-e-ry And

F SFZ MF

PED. *

fight in a dis-tant land; His charg-er was a coal-black steed; His sword was in his
 thro' the gar-ret dim, Then paus'd to view the country round, Beyond the window's

F SFZ MF

P MF

hand. "I may be gone a hun-dred years," Said he, "and so farewell! The
 rim. The day was warm, he'd journeyed far, Said he, "I'll rest a-while, And

P MF

DIM. MF

pa - pers I shall send to you My val - iant deeds will tell." His
then a - gain my steed and I Will ride full many a mile." They

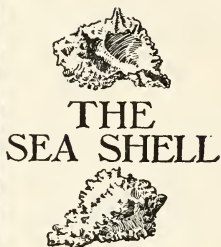
MF DIM. P MF

moth - er waved a last good-bye, And sped him on his way. "When
found him there as night came on; His flash - ing eyes were closed; With

CRES. P

you come back to me," she cried, "T will be a hap - py day!" 2. He
arms a - round his charg - er's neck The lit - tle knight re - posed.

CRES. F P



THE SEA SHELL

DOWN in the cupboard that hangs on the wall,
Where mother's treasures stay,
There is the shell that came first of them all,
Over from far Bombay.

Outside it's crinkled and inside it's pink;
When there's a rainy day,
That is the best time to travel, I think,
Over to far Bombay.

Mother will hold the shell close to my ear;
"Now shut your eyes," she'll say.
"Listen, for that is the ocean you hear,
Over in far Bombay."

MODERATO CON GRAZIA *p*

1. Down in the cup-board that hangs on the wall,
2. Out-side it's crink-led and in-side it's pink;
3. Moth-er will hold the shell close to my ear;

MF *p*

MF P

Where moth-er's treas-ures stay, . . . There is the shell that came
 When there's a rain - y day, . . . That is the best time to
 "Now shut youreyes," she'll say. . . "Lis - ten, for that is the

MF P

POCO RIT.

first of them all, O - ver from far Bom - bay. . .
 trav - el, I think, O - ver to far Bom - bay. . .
 o - cean you hear, O - ver in far Bom - bay." . .

POCO RIT. PP

PED. *

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SWING SONG

SWINGING up where the wind's astir,
Swinging down to the grass,
Swinging high, till you're near the sky,
Where the little birds pass.

Swinging high as the old church
spire,
Swinging low as the ferns,
Looking down on the far-off town,
Where a bonfire burns.

Swinging up where the wind's astir,
Swinging down to the grass,
Swinging high, till you're near the
sky,
Where the little birds pass.

ANDANTINO GRAZIOSO MF

Swing-ing up where the wind's a - stir,

MF LEGATO RIT. P A TEMPO

CRES.

Swing - ing down to the grass, Swing - ing high, till you're

P

near the sky, Where the lit - tle birds pass. Swing - ing high as the

P

CRES.

old church spire, Swing - ing low as the ferns, Look - ing down on the

CRES.

A TEMPO

RIT. P

far - off town, Where a bon - fire burns. Swing - ing up where the

wind's a - stir, Swing - ing down to the grass, Swing - ing high, till you're

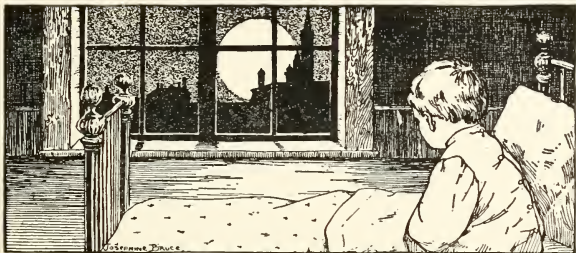
RIT.

near the sky, Where the lit - tle birds pass.

RIT.

PED.

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THE MOON.

SOMETIMES I wake at night,
 And see a path of light
 That lies across the floor;
 And then I turn and see the Moon,
 And play that we have never met before.

I shut my eyes, and then
 I open them again
 To see that smiling face.
 Oh, if 't were not so far away,
 I think up there would be a pleasant place.

ANDANTINO ESPRESSIVO

Some-times I wake at night, And see a path of light That

PED. *

lies a - cross the floor; And then I turn and see the Moon And

MF

play that we have nev - er met be - fore. . . I shut my eyes, and

P

then I o - pen them a - gain To see that smil - ing face. Oh,

MF

if 't were not so far a - way, I think up there would be a pleasant place. . .

MF PP

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LITTLE RED BUSH

THE little red bush it was brave, it was gay,
On the hill-top so dreary and bare,
When summer was over and skies were dull gray,
And the cold winds were fighting for victory there,
In the midst of the stone
And the stubble, alone,
Flamed the little red bush.

Said the little red bush, "How I wish that I grew
In the valley so pleasant and green;
But here I must stay, so the best thing to do
Is to look bright and cheerful whenever I'm seen,
Though I'm here all alone
With the stubble and stone,
Just a little red bush."

ANDANTE GRAZIOSO

p

1. O the lit-tle red bush it was brave, it was gay, On the
lit-tle red bush, "How I wish that I grew In the

MF *p*

A TEMPO

*PED. **

MF

hill - top so drear - y and bare, . When sum-mer was o - ver and
val - ley so pleas - ant and green ; But here I must stay, so the

MF

skies were dull gray, And the cold winds were fight - ing for
best thing to do Is to look bright and cheer - ful when -

MF

P

vic - to - ry there, In the midst of the stone And the
ev - er I'm seen, Tho' I'm here all a - lone With the

P

1st *P* *2 D*

stub - ble, a - lone, Flamed the lit - tle red bush. 2. Said the
stub - ble and stone, Just a lit - tle red bush."

sf *P* *RIT.* *PED. **

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THE WIND

I HAVE never seen the Wind,
 But I know his ways;
 Slamming doors and rattling panes,
 Whirling snows and driving rains,
 That is how he plays.

When I try to walk along
 Just as grown folks do,
 He will push me till I run,
 Then he'll take my hat for fun,
 And my ribbons too.

How I wonder where he stays
 When he goes away.
 I have heard him rushing by
 When the moon was riding high,
 And he's gone next day.

ALLEGRO AGITATO

MF

1. I have nev - er seen the
 try to walk a -
 won - der where he

F

MF

[24]

Wind, long stays But I know . . his ways;
Just as grown . . folks do,
When he goes . . a - way.

P CRES.

Slamming doors and rat - tling panes, Whirl - ing snows and driv - ing rains,
He will push me till I run, Then he'll take my hat for fun,
I have heard him rush - ing by When the moon was rid - ing high,

P CRES.

VERSES 1 AND 2		LAST VERSE
<p><i>F</i></p> <p>That is how he plays. And my rib - bons too. And he's gone next</p> <p><i>F</i></p>	<p><i>MF</i></p> <p>2. When I 3. How I day.</p> <p><i>MF</i></p>	<p><i>PP</i></p>

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PROCESSION DAYS

HOW I wish that I were tall
 On Procession Days,
 When the band goes marching by,
 And the trumpet plays.
 Grown folks big and high can see,
 While they hide it all from me.

When I've grown to be a man
 I shall beat the drum,
 And you'll see me marching by
 On Procession Days.
 Very straight and tall I'll be
 So that ev'ry one may see.

ALLA MARCIA MF

1. How I wish that I were tall On Pro-
 grown to be a man I shall

F MARCATO MF

CRES.

ces - sion Days, When the band goes march-ing by, And the
beat the drum, And you'll see me march-ing by On Pro-

CRES.

F MF

trum - pet plays. Grown folks big and high can see,
ces - sion Days. Ve - ry straight and tall I'll be

F MF

CRES.

While they hide it all from me. 2. When I've
So that ev - 'ry one may see.

CRES. F MF

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THE SNOW MAN

I SAW a little Snow Man
With such a funny face,
Close to a garden wall;
He stood just like a soldier
All winter in that place;
He never moved at all.

I said goodbye one morning
As I went off to school;
Never a bit stirred he;
The sun was shining brightly
Although the air was cool;
I thought he smiled at me.

That very day he vanished,
The way the Snow Men do,
Never came back at all!
He slid away at noontime,
Where grass was pricking through,
Close to the garden wall.

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO MF

I saw a lit-tle Snow Man With such a fun-ny face,

The first system of the musical score is in G major, 8/8 time. It features a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a forte (f) dynamic marking in the first measure and a piano (p) dynamic marking in the fourth measure. The lyrics are: "I saw a lit-tle Snow Man With such a fun-ny face,"

Close to a gar - den wall ; . . He

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano part features a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking in the first measure. The lyrics are: "Close to a gar - den wall ; . . He

stood just like a sol - dier All win-ter in that place ; He nev - er moved at

The third system concludes the piece. The piano part includes a piano (p) dynamic marking in the first measure. The lyrics are: "stood just like a sol - dier All win-ter in that place ; He nev - er moved at

p

all. I said good-bye one morning As I went off to school;

p

PED. *

Nev - er a bit stirred he; The sun was shin-ing

p

PED. *

bright-ly Al-tho' the air was cool; I thought he smiled at me. . . .

p

That ve - ry day he van-ished, The way the Snow Men do, . .

p

Nev - er came back at all! . . He slid a-way at

p

p

noon-time, Where grass was prick-ing through, Close to the gar - den

wall. . .

DIM.

PP

PED. *

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DARK NIGHTS

WHEN 't is very dark at night
 All the things that seemed so clear,
 Woods and fields and garden flow'rs,
 Fade away and disappear.

Where the lilac bushes were,
 Where the trees stood tall and green,
 Where the bench was, near the gate,
 Shapes all dim and strange are seen.

But the morning brings again
 All the things night stole away,
 Woods and fields and garden flow'rs,
 Ready for another day.

ANDANTE

P

When 't is ve - ry dark at night All the things that

P

P

seemed so clear, Woods and fields and gar - den flow'rs, Fade a - way and

dis - ap - pear. Where the li - lac bush - es were, Where the trees stood

tall and green, Where the bench was, near the gate, Shapes all dim and

p

strange are seen. But the morn-ing brings a - gain All the things night

stole a - way, Woods and fields and gar - den flow'rs,

Read-y for an - oth - er day.

DIM. *ff*

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THE RAIN

ALL the flow'rs were fast asleep;
Softly down the Rain did creep;
"Now," he said, "I'll wake them up,
Clover, Daisy, Buttercup."
Tap! Tap! Tap!

"Winter now has gone away;
Flowers dear, come out to-day!
Spring is waiting just outside;
Pray don't any longer hide."
Tap! Tap! Tap!

Soon the windows open flew;
Little heads came into view.
Far away the Rain had crept,
Waking other flow'rs that slept.
Tap! Tap! Tap!

ALLEGRETTO

P

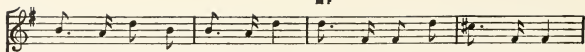
1. All the flow'rs were fast a - sleep;
2. "Win - ter now has gone a - way;
3. Soon the win - dows o - pen flew;

MF

P

FED.

MF

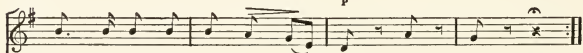


Soft - ly down the Rain did creep; "Now," he said, "I'll wake them up,
Flow - ers dear, come out to - day! Spring is wait - ing just out - side;
Lit - tle heads came in - to view. Far a - way the Rain had crept,

MF



P



Clo - ver, Dai - sy, But - ter - cup." Tap! Tap! Tap!
Pray don't an - y long - er hide." Tap! Tap! Tap!
Wak - ing oth - er flow'rs that slept. Tap! Tap! Tap!

P



PED. *

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LULLABY

GO to sleep, my little dear,
 Mother's here, close by;
 Shining stars will watch us both,
 Looking from the sky.

Long ago the sun went down
 In the golden west;
 All the day you've played so hard,
 Now 't is time to rest.

Hear the crickets chirp good-night,
 We must say it, too.
 Little dear, till morning comes,
 Pleasant dreams to you.

ANDANTE TRANQUILLO P

1. Go to sleep, my lit - tle dear, Moth-er's
 go the sun went down In the
 crick - ets chirp good-night, We must

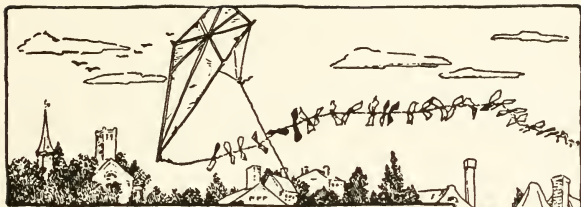
here, close by; Shin - ing stars will watch us
 gold - en west; All the day you've played so
 say it, too. Lit - tle dear, till morn - ing

1ST AND 2D VERSES	LAST VERSE
-------------------	------------

both, Look - ing from the sky. 2. Long a -
 hard, Now 'tis time to rest. 3. Hear the
 comes, Pleas - ant dreams to you.

P P

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THE KITE

FLY up, my little kite so gay,
 As high as you can go.
 You need not fear to lose your way,
 For I am here below.

The swallows wonder what you are,
 And fly along with you,
 A stranger bird who's travelled far,
 All white with tail of blue.

Fly bravely on, my little kite,
 The swallows are your friends;
 They'll miss you, stranger bird so white,
 When your long journey ends.

MODERATO CON MOTO MF

Fly up, my lit - tle

P MF

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in 4/4 time, starting with a whole rest followed by a half note 'Fly', a quarter note 'up,', a quarter note 'my', and a half note 'lit - tle'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes in the treble clef, while the left hand plays a series of eighth notes in the bass clef. Dynamics include 'MODERATO CON MOTO' at the beginning, 'MF' for the voice entry, 'P' for the piano introduction, and 'MF' for the piano accompaniment.



JOSEPHINE BRUCE

kite so gay, As high as you can go. You need not fear to

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

lose your way, For I am here be - low.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, including a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) in the third measure.

The swal-lows won-der what you are, And fly a - long with

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, including a dynamic marking 'mf' (mezzo-forte) in the first measure.

you, A stran-ger bird who's trav-elled far, All white with tail of

blue. Fly brave-ly on, my

P MF

lit - tle kite, The swal- lows are your friends; They'll miss you, stran-ger

bird so white, When your long journey ends, When your long journey ends.

P RIT.

P RIT.

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ROBIN

ROBIN'S in the tree-top,
Singing in the sun.
"Ev'rything tells of Spring!
Weather's almost always so,
Bright and clear like this, you know,
Fair for ev'ry one."

Robin's in the tree-top,
Singing in the rain.
"Though today skies are gray
Weather is not always so.
Soon through ev'ry cloud, you know,
Comes the sun again."

MODERATO CON GRAZIA

MF

Rob-in's in the tree-top, Sing-ing in the sun. . .

p *pp*

PED. *

[43]

CRES.

"Ev - 'ry-thing tells of Spring! Weather's al - most al - ways so,

CRES.

DIM.

Bright and clear like this, you know, Fair for ev - 'ry one."

DIM.

P

DOLCIS.

PED. *

P

Rob - in's in the tree - top, Sing - ing in the rain. . .

P

CRES.

“Though to-day skies are gray Weath-er is not al-ways so.

CRES.

DIM.

Soon thro' ev-'ry cloud, you know, Comes the sun a-gain.”

DIM.

P

DOLCISS.

PED. *

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THE RIVER

THE river's like a looking-glass;
It smoothly slides along;
I see my face and underneath
The silver fishes throng.

The leaves and blossoms lie on top,
And float away from me;
The shining pebbles, red and green,
Far down below I see.

How I should like to stay down there
Where little fishes glide,
And see the river overhead
Past other children slide.

MOLTO TRANQUILLO

p

The riv - er's like a

look - ing-glass; it smooth-ly slides a - long; I see my face and

MF

un - der-neath the sil - ver fish - es throng. The leaves and blossoms

MF

DIM.

lie on top, and float a-way from me; The shin - ing peb - bles,

DIM.

P

red and green, far down be-low I see. How I should like to

PP

stay down there where lit - tle fish - es glide, And see the riv - er

o - ver head past oth - er children slide.

RIT.

PED. *

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Q426153

wind will blow out - doors, . . But the se - cret of mak - ing a

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The key signature is one sharp (F#).

pleas - ant day Is nev - er the Clerk's—it's yours. Just o - pen your eyes and

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, B4, and A4. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern. A "CRES." (Crescendo) marking appears above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment in the final measure of the system.

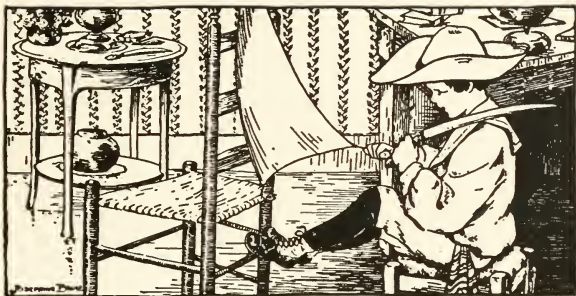
smile, my dear, And soon the sun you'll see; . . He'll shine in - doors, and the

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a final measure in the key of G major.

wise old Clerk Can't al-ter the weather—not he! not he!

PED. *

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PIRATE'S SONG

ALL day I've been a Pirate,
A-sailing on the sea;
From Bureau Land some treasures
I'm bringing home with me,
For I am a Pirate bold!

From off the Table Islands
I got a precious store;
I safely sailed among them
Where none had sailed before,
For I am a Pirate bold!

But now my voyage is ended,
As ev'ry voyage must be,
The harbor lights of Bed Land
I'm glad enough to see,
Though I am a Pirate bold.

ENERGICO

1. All day I've been a Pi - rate, A -
off the Ta - ble Is - lands I
now my voyage is end - ed, As

PED. [53]

sail - ing on the sea ; From Bu - reau Land some treas - ures I'm
got a pre - cious store ; I safe - ly sailed a - mong them Where
ev - 'ry voyage must be, The har - bor lights of Bed Land I'm

bring - ing home with me, For I am a Pi - rate bold ! 2. From
none had sailed be - fore, For I am a Pi - rate bold ! 3. But
glad e - nough to see, Though I am a Pi - rate bold.

FED. *

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THE ANTIPODES



HERE it is snowy winter-time;
 The world is cold and white.
 They say at the antipodes
 These days are warm and bright.
 How I should like when summer's gone
 To give the earth a swing,
 And make it turn the other way
 Until I found the spring.

UN POCO ANIMATO MF

BENPRONUNZIATO Here it is snow-y

p *mf*

PED. * PED. * PED. *

win - ter-time; The world is cold and white. They say at the an -

tip - o - des These days are warm and bright. How I should like when

summer's gone To give the earth a swing, And make it turn the other way Un -

til I found the spring, the spring.

RIT. A TEMPO

PED. * PED. * PED. * PED. *

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[56]

